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[From the Berlin Echo.]

MUSICAL TRAVELING IMPRESSIONS FROM THE EAST.

BY FERRY KLETZER.

[CONTINUED.]

My first concert was given in the theatre, which is a well-built house, and the best place for a concert in Java. The amateurs of the orchestra, as well as those of the Vocal Association, lent their aid with the most amiable readiness. Their whole behavior afforded evidence of their kindly feeling and of their entertaining the greatest respect for me. A continuance of rainy weather caused my first two concerts to be sparsely attended, and to produce so little that I had scarcely sufficient to pay my bill at the hotel, but then I was charged a florin for a cup of broth. I gave Herr Dietz two hundred florins for his trouble. He took them on condition that I should not pay him anything for the following concerts; nevertheless, he made up his mind to accept in addition a very handsome ring, and we remained good friends.

A certain Herr Müller, to whom I was recommended, proposed that I should live at his house, but made my art the means of recompensing himself very liberally for this act of friendship. He gave a party. I had to play the whole evening. As he had invited half the town, who heard me for nothing, he seriously injured the success of my next concert. A young merchant, Herr Kratzenstein, is very musical, and accompanies well. The two brothers Michelson, also were very friendly toward me, and exhibited great musical capabilities. Music is, however, maltreated by various pianoforte players, who charge a high price for lessons, though they are not able to satisfy the slightest demands that may be made upon them. In order to make up, in some degree, for the loss I had sustained, a few gentlemen, at the suggestion of Herr Müller, and Herr Matisson, a lawyer, sent round a list, which eventually contained subscriptions amounting to the not inconsiderable sum of 1,900 florins. But, in the opinion of the above gentlemen, this sum was too large, and I was, consequently, called upon to give a concert in the room at the Club, which was especially decorated for the occasion. I had to agree, also, that after the concert, a band should play dance music, while ice and tea should be provided for the ladies, and brandy, liquors, etc., for the gentlemen, all out of the 1,900 florins, of course. I was assured that the expenses would amount at the very most to 300 florins, and I gladly accepted the suggestion. As everybody who received an invitation had the right of bringing with him as many persons as he chose, the reader may easily conceive that on this occasion, I had really a very numerous audience. The concert, which included some extremely pleasing compositions, and was enhanced by the masterly pianoforte playing of Herr Kratzenstein, possessed, however, no great attraction for those present. They looked forward with impatience to the end, and when I made the last stroke with my bow, the dancers began to manifest their delight, so that my two solos passed almost totally unheeded, and, at the conclusion of the concert, I had some trouble in rescuing my violoncello and music, and escaping with them. Some of the company were, however, kind enough to invite me to stay, and I had

the pleasure of seeing that, in addition to being exceedingly unconstrained in their behavior, and free in their style of dancing, the guests ate and drank remarkably well. The next day, I was informed that the expenses of the evening's entertainment amounted to about 1,100 florins, and as none of the persons invited would pay anything, the sum was subtracted from the 1,900 florins, subscribed for me. It was thus that the inhabitants of Sourabaya proved their love for art and their generosity.*

The Club as well as the stewards were highly embarrassed as to what they should do with me. When the 1,900 florins were subscribed, the sum was considered sufficient to make up for any losses I might have sustained, as well as to satisfy the spirit of display characterizing those who managed the business. The latter, consequently, did not send the list all round the place. Many persons, fancying themselves neglected, felt affronted, but it was too late to repair the error. Müller, in whose house I resided, and who entertained a partiality for me only as long as he could derive advantage from my art, had now heard my entire repertory, and had also invited every one else to the acoustic treat. He felt, therefore, that he did not want me any more, and hinted so in the most unmistakable manner. He knew how I had rewarded Herr Dietz, for his trouble; nevertheless, that amiable individual demanded, in addition to what he had received, 100 florins for accompanying a few pieces, and asserted that all he had had from me was a ring. I wrote him, through Müller, a letter, wherein I pointed out the mistake he made. But Müller brought back the letter with the remark that I must, under any circumstances, pay Dietz the 100 florins he asked, as the Club could not incur the hostility of a man like him. They would rather give me four hundred florins, only I must acknowledge the receipt of that sum. So, instead of the eleven hundred florins I expected, I received four hundred.

Among other things, my hospitable host told me a story of a visitor who had lived with him, and who had behaved in a very dirty manner toward his servants. There was nothing left for me to do, therefore, than, previously to my departure, to hand the daughter of the house a gold chain, with a medallion; this act of attention was graciously received, and many were the wishes for my welfare when I left.

General Schierbrand, a most amiable man, and certainly the most accomplished one in the whole island, had given me several letters of recommendation for all the various towns. Among them was one for Panarocan, a manufacturing town near Sourabaya. As, however, that grand personage did not consider it worth while to reply, I did not think it worth while to go to the place, and returned to Samarang, whence I had received some invitations, and was certain of being able to get up a well attended concert.

I will now give a few additional particulars respecting Sourabaya. The town is an important commercial emporium, and is visited by ships from all quarters of the globe, for coffee, tobacco, sugar, and spice. The merchants, who have colossal ware-

houses, are very rich, and, therefore, fail only in a grand way. The town is larger than Samarang. It is surrounded by large Campos, in which Chinese and Japanese live. The town itself is surrounded by walls, which are encircled with ditches of stagnant and fetid water, and do not permit the inhabitants to enjoy much fresh air. The whole town is crowded together. The theatre alone stands in a fine square, and is one of the finest buildings. The interior is magnificent. The "Harmonie" is frequented only by officers; and as the civilians are not on good terms with them, the place is almost always empty. The European quarter consists of two parts, with fine streets, houses, and gardens. H. B., formerly a soldier, has a fine iron foundry, and has opened a public garden, where the ladies display very beautiful and elegant toilets. The vegetation is magnificent and rich, but the environs are very marshy and unhealthy. The amusement of the gentlemen consists wholly and solely in playing cards. The grand people, the merchants, the officers, the officials, and even the ladies in fine toilets, have here, as well as in Samarang and Batavia, the habit of standing or sitting in their carriages, and listening to a performance or a concert from the street or square which surrounds the edifice where it is going on; they enjoy the advantage of choosing their places, and paying nothing for them. This audience is frequently more attentive and quiet than that inside. The heat here in winter is 28-30 degrees Reamur. This is probably the reason that I began to gain strength after my illness, from which I had hardly recovered. I resolved, nevertheless, to leave, as I was already too well acquainted with the society of the place. I took great interest in contemplating the Chinese temples and graves. The former are not so striking as the latter. The entrance to these graves forms a hillock encircled by a wall, round which there is a passage. The door is ornamented with painted characters, while the whole building is covered with allegoric figures. When the Chinese are in mourning for any one, they allow all the hair of their head to grow. The clothes, too, which they wear are not hemmed, but hang down all in tatters, and give them a very slovenly appearance.

The Malay or native of Java always remains the same in his state of semi-nudity, only he gets up festivals when a member of his family dies. It is, moreover, his habit to lay his dead naked in the ground. The Chinese does not live much better than the Malay, except that he smokes tobacco or opium, for which he pays a very high price, because the duty on it is no trifle. Opium is an important article of trade, and soon renders the vendor a millionaire.† The Chinaman lives in a properly built and well furnished house. The best part is generally used as a shop, which is close to the private portion. The rooms are as a rule so dark, that even in the daytime, it is necessary to burn a small oil lamp. In the shop there is usually a picture of a sort of saint, before

* In Java, it is usual for the waiter to give the guest a kind of voucher, containing a list of the articles supplied, and the guest signs it. When, therefore, the gentlemen, after ordering champagne, Bavarian beer, which costs two florins a bottle—and other wines, were asked to sign the voucher, they simply said: "We have nothing to do with that. We are invited."

† The consumption of opium is so great in Java, that most of the smokers go mad or wild. In every town policemen are, therefore, stationed at the corners of the streets. In their rooms they have the proper instruments for managing any such madman they may find running about, for these victims to opium are frequently so dangerous that they kill every one they meet. With their knives or "krics"—which latter is a large fork, or scissors with teeth—the policemen seize hold of such maniacs by the neck, and squeeze them till they are insensible.

which a lamp is kept continually burning. The Chinese are laborious and speculative; they mostly make large fortunes. The Malay lives in wretched huts, built often in the midst of marshes, or in tents. He supports his poverty with greater resignation than he otherwise would, because his belief holds out to him the prospect of a future and a better world. For this reason, he never fears death. The rich Malays, or natives of Java, spend a great deal of money in festivities and luxury, and attach great value to their genealogical tree, which they trace far back into antiquity. The pride of birth is greater than in European countries. The richest Malays now residing here were formerly reigning princes, such as the Emperor of Solo, the Sultan of Djactjacarta, and a few others, who derive their title from Holland, and surround themselves with all the luxury and pomp befitting their exalted position. Their immeasurable riches consist of gold dust or precious stones. In order that they may be friendly and bear with the Europeans, the Government allows them large pensions. Thus, in course of time, the whole of their country will become European. Every one of these titular sovereigns is strictly watched, and the Government never allows them to come together. The character of the Malay is totally different from that of the Chinese. The latter is a thorough miser, and his house constitutes his world. He prays to the Bad Spirit and begs him not to suggest anything bad to the Good Spirit; but he does not consider it necessary to pray to the latter, considering him already sufficiently kind. These two spirits figure in the temples of the Chinese, as the two principal divinities; the rest are subordinate deities. The prayers of the Chinese are contained in books, and are read out to them. The Malay, also, prays aloud, but rarely from books. The Chinese, in fact, are far better educated than the others. Their trade relations with foreigners have taught them a great deal. They have their own Theatre, but the music is very wretched; the instruments are a kind of violin, with a shrill tone; something that looks like a trumpet; three drums; and cymbals that they strike against each other. The stage-costumes are exceedingly tasty and rich.

When the wealthy die, their relatives have models made of the furniture, houses, and everything else for which the deceased evinced any partiality. All these objects are then burnt at their graves, in the firm conviction that the dead will find them in the world to which they have gone. Poor people place in the temples various kind of food, for their dead, or rather for their spirits, believing that the latter return to inhale the odor arising therefrom. The priests take care, no doubt, to appropriate the food itself. There are in Java hundreds of thousands of Chinese, who, like the Europeans, amass fortunes and then return to their native country. The Malays have little puppet-theatres, called "Wayans." The puppets are exhibited before a white partition, and their movements accompanied by a running commentary, which treats of every possible subject. It is at these theatres that the people receive their education, and, indeed, learn all they know. Such entertainments are given every day, and last generally twenty-four hours.

Their orchestras consists of bell-like peals, resembling in appearance our musical glasses; they are, so to speak, little benches with

glass tablets, and are changed to suit the key of the piece. The scale of their musical system is formed like that of the ancient Greeks. The basses are hollow brass basins, arranged according to their tone. All their music sounds like a lament sung by a prisoner, and reminds one of the wails of former centuries. The worthy musicians attached to the princes at Solo and Djuetja play with an amount of softness and tenderness which astonished me, for the instruments are very wild looking, and cause the spectator to imagine he will hear only noise; but I never listened to anything more tender, or, in fact, more interesting, from uncivilized people.

Women, too, accompany this music chorally, sometimes singing separate strophes, and sometimes only phrases, but mostly from the throat and not the chest. In so doing, they exhibit mouths which are anything but handsome, for men and women chew betel or "syri." Their mouths look black and toothless. Though "syri" itself blackens the teeth, they dye the latter very beautifully and carefully, cleansing their mouths with tobacco. The common man, as well as the gentleman, smokes small cigars made of maize leaf; the tobacco is perfumed. After paying the apothecary in Sourabaya, and handing three times the amount of his bill to my good doctor, who made a very moderate charge, simply as a matter of form,* I said good-by to Müller, who accompanied me as far as the canal, and took my departure from the place which for me had been an abode of misery. Thanking God that I could at length breathe another air, I beheld with delight the sea, which is nearly always as smooth as glass. When on board ship, I once more looked round, and found that the town was very finely situated. The rivers flowing through it in every direction are of great advantage to the merchants, for they can convey their wares by water to the very shops. It is the same in Samarang, and in Batavia as well, only there the canals are smaller. After a fine passage of four-and-twenty hours, I reached Samarang, and proceeded to the hotel kept by Herr Lacombe, who dubbed himself an artist like myself, and he was really, I believe, an itinerant conjuror.

He had previously been a soldier, and the husband of the Countess Farci, known in Paris by her establishment for young ladies. I called upon my former acquaintances, from whom I heard that a great many persons had fled for fear of cholera, and would not be back for two or three weeks, when the Governor, also, would return, for the purpose of laying the first stone of the railway that was to run into the interior. As there was nothing to be done, I was advised first to give some concerts in the principalities of Solo and Djuetja, and then return to Samarang, where people would expect and warmly welcome me. This plan was exceedingly agreeable to me, for every one spoke in high terms of the principalities, on account of their pure air and very beautiful scenery. The journey, therefore, might prove beneficial to me in my weak state of health, and as I had, also, letters of recommendation for every town, I was certain of earning sufficient to pay my

traveling expenses. I begged the gentlemen to exert themselves as much as they could for me, and fixed the time of my return. At the private post, which is far better and cheaper than the Government post, I obtained eight good horses and a small carriage. I left in the morning. My way led through a fine broad street, crowded with Chinese shops. This quarter of the town is poor, but rich in men and their works. My coachmen drove very well. The one at the back of the carriage was a postillion *comme il faut*, and especially skilled in cracking his whip. This whip cracking is exceedingly *en vogue* here, probably because there are a great many carriages passing and repassing without lamps during the night, and the drivers endeavor in this manner not to run over any one. In the town as well as in the country a runner always accompanies the carriage. If you have from eight to ten horses, even two runners are necessary, to guide the horses round the corners or put them in the right way. On the road to Solo lies Salatiga, a small military town. I had been invited by a Dr. Bauer, to spend a few days at his house. He was a native of Munich. His wife was a Hungarian, and, as I had been recommended to them by General Schierbrand, they had made up their minds to welcome me. Salatiga is situated more than 1,200 feet above the level of the sea. It is very cool and pleasant. I consequently went there. But when Dr. Bauer saw that I was still a young man, he felt sorry at having invited me, for he had a pretty young wife, and was excessively jealous. I arrived just in time for breakfast, consisting of very bad solid food, without a drop of wine. My reception was an extremely cool one, and though, despite of this, I was very polite, Dr. Bauer continued his droll behavior, and began abusing the Hungarians. All the usual commonplace, ridiculous phrases, such as: the Hungarians were not yet ripe enough to be free and happy, were dished up for my delectation. This was the best method of driving me away, especially as his pretty wife was compelled to leave, and he told me openly he had not the conveniences for entertaining me.

I must confess that Dr. Bauer was really not in a position to take me in, since he was on the point of selling his furniture and quitting Salatiga, having received a better appointment as Commissioner of the Vaccination in Batavia. But he might have let me remain the night, or, at least, a few hours, especially as he knew that it was only on his account that I had stopped here. He did not, however, detain me for dinner, but allowed me to start at three o'clock, when the heat was very great. With his handsome wife, I could hardly speak, for he either interrupted every conversation on which I endeavored to enter with her, or else sent her out of the room under the pretence of her having some duty or other to perform; nevertheless, I discovered that her maiden name was Schenk, and that she was born in Ofen. She is a charming woman, and, out of respect for the great knowledge of her husband, who has become thin and gray from study, scarcely dares to speak or look up. But women soon emancipate themselves, and as the Doctor is now, by way of amusement, giving her lessons in the language of the Greeks, and that of the Japanese, it is to be hoped she will learn the customs of the first and the free mode of life of the latter; I should then doubt her con-

* On arriving in Sourabaya, I requested the Doctor to get me into the hospital, to which he belonged, for I knew that the hospitals in Java were well managed. He looked at me, and, feeling my pulse, said: "Do you know you are so ill that you may die to-morrow, and I do not choose that the public shall blame me for it—I cannot therefore comply with your wish."

tinuing faithful to the views she previously took of the married state. She is, at the most, twenty, while he is nearly fifty. No one can escape his destiny, therefore, I cannot escape mine. From Salatiga to Solo I paid more than for the first half of the distance, nearly sixty-four florins the German mile. The road and the prospect from Samarang to Solo, do not vary; some few fine mountains, a great many small patches of wood, and crops of sugar, coffee, and corn. A great many points are very astonishing, from the extraordinary groups of trees; these are succeeded again by sugar-fields, the canes in which are scarcely a foot high. The mountains are green to the very tips, and, it is said, cultivated likewise. The coffee plantations, that commence on the Solo territory, make a magnificent display. Certain fortune is combined with the beauty of the country. People work more gaily, because they are not oppressed by imposts and taxes, the principalities being free for *entrepreneurs* and manufacturers. Though the Government possesses, it is true, land and farms, private persons are not dependent upon the Government but on the proprietor, the native prince. Government, however, has secured by treaty advantages for itself. All the timber, for instance, belongs to Holland, even the Prince having to give up his. The planters and manufacturers, too, on the Government estates, are bound to sell a part of their product at fixed prices. It is almost the same state of things as that resulting from the tobacco monopoly between Hungary and Austria.

The postal arrangements on this road are very good. Whenever the route runs through a mountainous district, two buffaloes are yoked on in front, and the traveler gives a small sum to the coachman, the man who urges on the team, and the owner. From Salatiga to Solo, the land dips some nine hundred feet; it is, nevertheless, fresh, luxuriant, green, and rich in wood, water, and plains. The people extract large quantities of oil from the cocoa-nuts, and live almost entirely upon the profit derived therefrom. Every man carries his weapon, the "kries" (knife).* The officials and princes have always a numerous escort, who carry pikes and lances. The umbrella, too, which is painted or ornamented differently for every class of society, is borne before them. The people go on their knees before their princes, and greet them by raising their clasped hands to their forehead. If a prince enters any place he is followed by an attendant with two golden staves, a sword, and his umbrella; a second carries tobacco, cigars, or syri, in golden vessels; and a third the spittoon, for a person spits a good deal after taking "syri." The high Government officials, also, have the sign of their rank upon their umbrella, in order that they may be recognized by the people.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VIENNA.—Mdlle. Ilma de Murska had a most enthusiastic reception on the 3d instant, when she made her re-appearance as Lucia in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Her success, moreover, was triumphant.

PRAGUE.—Herr Leo Lion, whose death was announced in the papers some time ago, is here in good health. He will shortly proceed to Vienna.

* In Solo there are several hundred dwarfs. They all wear a "kries" in their belt, but the weapon is decidedly often bigger than its wearer, who is scarcely perceptible,

[From the *Niederrhänische Musik-Zeitung*.]

EUSEBIUS AND FLORESTAN, ON LAYMAN AND PRIEST, ON CRITICISM AND SUCH-LIKE.

(CONTINUED.)

FLORESTAN.—Do you think that is indisputably obvious? I think no one knows whether any one else sees blue, red, or green, as he himself sees it.

EUSEBIUS.—That may be. But in all we say, we start from the presumption that a man understands our language, though he brings to it his own sense. When I say Man, Ox, Ass, every one will have in his brain, on hearing the words, a different ideal of Man, Ox, Ass, and yet one person understands the other! That implies, at any rate, enough intelligibility to enable two persons to converse with each other about a given truth. *Without* the presumption of common fundamental ideas, no language is possible, as you know from your Humboldt.

FLORESTAN.—What more? I do not see that this brings us nearer the answer to our question.

EUSEBIUS.—We know further that all thinking is only a movement of notions, a stirring up of ideas, but not notions and ideas themselves. I mean: the various categories or departments of thought, and also the locomotives of the auxiliary sciences—all these may bring you nearer the idea, but are not the thing itself.

FLORESTAN.—Words are not things. I knew that long ago.

EUSEBIUS.—But the application! Mark; here art comes in, the thing we call criticism, judgment, aesthetics, or whatever you please. I might express myself more definitely thus: To obtain aught certain from truth, we are fond of employing certain auxiliary means, such, for instance, as mathematics, logic, and metaphysics. Mathematics are the logic of Nature, logic is the mathematics of the soul, and metaphysics, soaring above both, endeavors to prepare the path to the eternal ideas in God.

FLORESTAN.—That sounds something like! Is it Egyptian or Greek! Do you fancy it is clear? I want some one else to help me, that I may at length get through this infinity of husks, and arrive at the kernel. We are speaking of works of art.

EUSEBIUS.—A genuine work of art, like a genuine work of Nature, is always endless, and can, therefore, never be really known, but only contemplated, felt, and received in our mind—so says the *Geheimrat* von Goethe.

FLORESTAN.—Good, good! That is what we are puzzling our brains about, to find the *mind of men's minds*—the *truth* of judgment, that is, the just knowledge of the work of art, even though it be as endless as Wagner's recitative.

EUSEBIUS.—Sound philosophy teaches men to think rightly; and sound art, to take a right view of things.

FLORESTAN.—Cease your Sibylline maxims, which are not worth a rush. With all our talking have we found out anything; I mean anything of any value?

EUSEBIUS.—Yes, we have found out that you are right in lamenting the uncertainty of human judgment. We have yet to seek the other half: whether every act of judgment is worthless, and if there should chance to be some trifles of value in it, where and how that

trifle is to be discovered. Listen, therefore, first, to the oracle: Every judgment or opinion—nota bene from honest lips—expresses something real, gives evidence of a real inward something. If the layman, or peasant, considers in a picture this or that bright color beautiful, let him do so; a peasant is, so to say, a man like anyone else. I have met professional critics who have gone into ecstasies over something worse than pleasing colors. This lay-judgment you will provisionally admit, though without attaching any value to it. You rather want the judgment on the whole, the idea—

FLORESTAN.—And here you will not persuade me that everyone among the people is qualified to—

EUSEBIUS.—To pronounce that judgment? Certainly not. The way from thought to language is frequently more arduous than that from the head to the finger-end (which writes).

FLORESTAN.—Something of the kind is at the bottom of the quotation from Hauptmann; you need not repeat it to arrive again at the impossibility of judgment.

EUSEBIUS.—We will, however, bear in mind that the whole work says *the same to everyone*. That is, a work works generally in a peculiar manner: each person contemplating it receives the impression in a peculiar manner; now should there not be between the general effect and this hundredfold separate effect some connection, bond, relationship? Let us take the greatest generality: the sum total of the effects produced—joyous, or serious, or melancholy, quick to inflame, or creeping slowly along, one-sided or multifarious—this would, I think, be shared by all in common, whether we took a color-picture or a tone-picture, and endeavored to include the judgment of the many in one.

FLORESTAN.—We should gain nothing by that save the abstract summing-up of reasonable and of insipid thoughts!

EUSEBIUS.—It is only the beginning. As we proceeded we should perceive which elevated points, which touches in the picture, and which brilliant bits in the melody had impressed *all together*: the agreement is more frequently found in all having remained fascinated at one point, though they may express it in a hundred different ways.

FLORESTAN.—More frequently! that means sometimes. But I will let you say all you have to say; there is still a great deal to come.

EUSEBIUS.—Finally, the general judgment or opinion of a work of art is never, as a rule, a speakable one, and one uttered, and it is not always fortunate for some intelligent being or other to find the *right word*—which is so highly valued in Paris and Berlin. On the contrary, the first thing to show itself is the *after-effect*, the reverberation of the impression produced—whether it be torn or whole, completing or destroying, decided or doubting—and is confirmed or not by the public wishing to see the work again, or the reverse.

FLORESTAN.—Of whom are you really speaking? You have an ideal public and ideal works before your mind.

EUSEBIUS.—You have helped my memory! Yes, such was really my meaning—to some degree, but not actually; therefore I say more modestly: good works and a good public.

FLORESTAN.—Yes, if we ever had the two together! What are good works?

EUSEBIUS.—Such as, according to the best